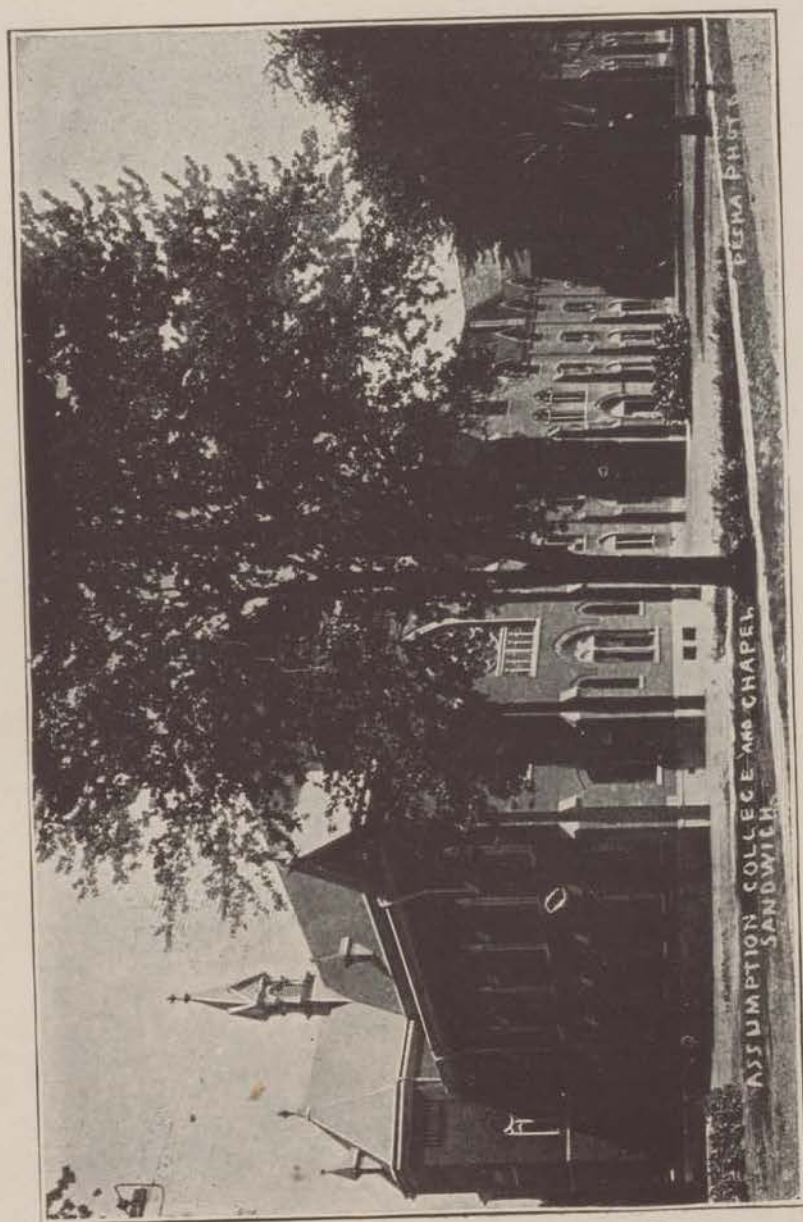


ASSUMPTION
COLLEGE
REVIEW

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Assumption College Review

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VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1908.

No. 1.

A Boat Race.



AS the boat Foam left her boathouse at Sandwich at one o'clock, bound for Toledo, to participate in the long distance race held at that point, her captain and owner, Mr. Fox, was busy starting the engine; I was at the wheel while Mr. Fox's son stood in the stern casting off the tie-lines and leisurely coiling and placing them on deck ready for instant use.

As we proceeded down the river we stored all the provisions and blankets in their proper places, making everything ship-shape. On shore the sun beat down upon the parched earth and the atmosphere was close and stuffy. But on the water the weather was delightful. The sun had no effect whatever on us as we ran into a gentle south-west breeze and the canopy over the stern protected us from the glare of the sun. The engine was running without a hitch and everything promised well for a fast run to Toledo.

Nothing eventful happened until we were well out

into Lake Erie. It was now 3.30 and the sky began to grow leaden. Rollers were tumbling over each other throwing spray in the air, for the wind was now blowing briskly from the south. Our course made it necessary to run broadside to the sea and now and then the waves hitting the side of the boat splashed the spray high over the boat. But forty-five miles remained and the only thing to do was to push on to Toledo.

For seaworthiness few boats could surpass the Foam. Over three-quarters of her length was a cabin of the hunting style, completely covering the engine so that the danger of water interfering with the proper working of the engine was not to be feared. The boat was beamy, with lots of free-board, and built especially for heavy seas and rough weather. I continued to steer, the others remaining below protected from the spray. It was a trying struggle to keep the boat on the right course, as she had a tendency to swing when riding on top of the huge waves. Nothing but water piling over itself was to be distinguished ahead, while behind only the distant Detroit River Light could be seen. Directly behind the cabin, with only the wheel between, was an elevated seat with a side raised about nine inches and three-quarters around to hold the wheelsman in. As I sat there, carefully holding the boat on the right course, a larger wave than usual struck the side, throwing me against the protecting board, which split with a great noise allowing me to fall on the floor of the cock-pit. Hearing the crash Mr. Fox rushed up and taking the wheel brought back the boat on its course. The boy coming up threw himself on the stern seat feeling a little under the weather. Although feeling a little sick myself I went below looking for something to eat. Luckily for me the pitching of the boat did not give me a chance to get anything, as a little nourishment at that time might not have agreed with me. As it was, the heat of the cabin caused me to feel sea-sick, but throwing myself upon the seat in the stern I was soon fast asleep. The Captain called me in a short time to

light the signal lights, for by this time we were entering Maumee Bay, and the lights of Toledo were clearly seen. Within an hour we were moored in the Yacht Club Lagoon, supper was over with and the boat put in moorings.

During the day following we busied ourselves in putting everything ship-shape for the race. Meanwhile we criticized and admired the merits and appearances of the rival launches, and discussed their chances in the coming race. One boat in particular caught the Captain's eye and rivetted my attention by its beauty of design and its rich finish. But Mr. Fox's admiration turned to apprehension and hatred when he recognized in the owner a former business partner who had almost ruined him financially by dishonest business practices. Knowing his enemy our Captain determined to be on guard against any contingency which might arise.

About five o'clock a drizzling rain set in, which threatened to continue all night and the darkness and wind caused many to shrink from the trip on the open lake. The start was scheduled for seven o'clock on Tuesday evening with the smallest boat leaving about seven and a half hours ahead of the largest, thus giving the smallest craft a chance against the big cruisers. The race was over a triangular course from Toledo to Bar Point Lightship, thence to Sandusky and back to Toledo, a distance of 120 miles. In size the boats ranged from the little twenty-five foot boats with scarcely any protection against the weather, to the large cruisers of sixty feet with cabins over the whole length. It depended mainly on the elements to decide the winner, and the weather conditions favored the cabin boats.

At eight fifteen we were ordered to get under way, all boats to start together instead of sending them off according to the previous arrangement, at intervals. The rain was now coming down in torrents: the shouts, the whistles, the noise of the exhausts and the rumbling of the thunder sent forth an ear-splitting din, and the confusion of the amateur skippers nearly caused a few se-

rious collisions. The lightning, which now and then lit up the skies, proved of great assistance in getting out of the harbor.

As we left the harbor Mr. Fox noticed that Mr. Hammond's boat the "Spray" was still in the lagoon and as we pulled out appeared to be getting under way. Anticipating trouble the Captain ordered me to keep a sharp lookout astern in case Hammond, seizing this favorable opportunity, should attempt to run us down from behind. After much manœuvring we succeeded in reporting our departure and were on our way. For a while everything went along smoothly and I was beginning to think Mr. Fox's fears were groundless, when suddenly I heard a few muffled voices not far away, although no lights were visible. Quietly calling the Captain's attention I told him to be ready to throw the wheel over quickly when I called. Less than a minute later I saw the hull of the boat loom up out of the darkness bearing straight down upon us. With a cry of "Starboard your helm," I leaped forward out of harm's way in case we failed to escape the blow. But Mr. Fox brought the boat out of the other's path, although we lost a little paint as the other switched by. After this nerve-wrecking experience it was impossible to sleep and I remained on deck with the Captain. Nothing unusual happened until we sighted the Bar Point light. Getting our number ready we prepared to report as we rounded the light. Checking down the engine, we drew as close to the light as possible, gave our number, heard it repeated and shot off into the darkness.

Although it was the middle of July the night was cold and the wind pierced the body like needles. Having nothing to do, and the excitement having worn off, I decided to go below and escape the cold. I threw myself on the floor forward, leaving my "sou'wester" on, prepared to go on deck in an instant. The monotonous whirr of the engine soon lulled me into slumber. I slept soundly for a short time when suddenly I was precipitated on to the floor of the cabin by a huge wave striking the

side of the boat. This seemed to be the declaration of war between the elements and mortals, with the elements on the offensive. Heaven's artillery poured forth her watery shot in countless myriads as her gigantic search-light lit up the lake for miles around. The rain fell in torrents upon the seething waters while we, crouching in the lee of the cabin, attempted to protect our faces from the cutting drops. For an hour it fell steadily, the lightning flashed and the thunder pealed, but the "Foam" stood this test admirably. How some of the smaller and almost open boats pulled through the storm unharmed was marvellous, because for a time it looked as if we would be swamped by the mountains of water which continually towered over our boat and every moment threatened to engulf us. Throughout the storm the Captain remained at the wheel and when it was past we were still on our course, though some of the other contestants lost over an hour in regaining it. A surprising thing occurred, a gasoline engine continued to do its work even during a critical moment, when it is characteristic of a gasoline motor to fail. But if the engine had suddenly ceased to run another strange disappearance would have been recorded against Lake Erie, for we could never have survived in such a sea.

As is the custom of these Lake Erie squalls, the storm ceased as suddenly as it had arisen, and soon the moon was triumphantly peeking out from behind a huge bank of clouds while the stars blinked forth and the roll of the sea began to abate. After the excitement of the storm was over, we found ourselves just astern of a boat which barely had headway enough to keep her from falling off into the trough of the sea. As we drew near we recognized the "Spray" which had so lately tried to disable the "Foam." She lay just a little off our course and Mr. Fox held the boat on its course which would bring us within a few rods of the almost helpless boat. To bring aid to any boat meant disqualification and after the recent incidents the Captain did not feel under obligation

to render services which might disqualify him. This seemed a very unchristian-like view of the matter, but under the circumstances the motive was strong.

Dawn was just appearing above the horizon and we could easily distinguish the people in the boat. Hammond was at the wheel while the rest of the crew sat huddled in the stern. Mr. Fox gave the signal to pass and received an answer from the other boat. Whether Hammond's hatred overcame his judgment or his steering-gear suddenly became disabled, we could not judge, but without a moment's notice the "Spray" sheered directly in our course. Our Captain did not have time to throw the wheel over, but by reversing the engine he attempted to break the force of the compact. We had too much headway however, and with a crashing of wood and the shouts of the crew, we plowed almost half-way through the "Spray," just forward of the engine. Fortunately the crew were on deck or a loss of life might have ensued. With great presence of mind the Captain again threw on the power and held the nose of the boat in the gap, thus preventing the water from flowing in too rapidly. Seizing the rope I lashed the boats together lest they should drift apart. Although the lake was now calm, the passengers were transferred with great difficulty. A hasty examination of the injury showed the inadvisability of trying to save the "Spray," and it was decided to abandon her after removing all the most valuable fittings. Our boat was leaking a little forward but the pump would keep the water below the danger line. I took the caulking irons and partly repaired the damage to our boat, while the rest of the crew dismantled the "Spray."

As Mr. Hammond was making his last trip across the deck of the disabled boat his foot slipped and he was thrown into the water. His heavy clothing weighed him down and with difficulty he kept his head above the water. Just at this moment a gust of wind drove the boats away from him and despair seemed to creep into the heart of the struggling man. With a cry he threw up

his hands and began to sink. Mr. Fox, noticing the man's predicament, threw off his coat and shoes and leaped to the rescue. To make matters worse the wind continued to drift the boat away from the struggling swimmers. A life preserver was thrown in the direction of the two men but the line proved too short. Running forward I cut the other boat loose while the first mate of the rescued crew headed the boat in the direction of the swimmers. With a pike pole another caught the man's clothing and held him above water while we dragged Mr. Fox upon the deck. Hammond was then fished out, his clothing removed, and having given him a strong drink of brandy we put him on one of the bunks forward. Another draft put Mr. Fox on his feet as active as ever and little the worse for his experience. After ascertaining that Hammond would soon recover, it was decided to finish the race.

It was now daylight and the work of putting the boat in shape was begun. As we stowed away the baggage we thought of the "Spray." But only a few floating articles marked the place where the "Spray" had been. I took the wheel while Mr. Fox went below to look after his engine and to superintend the stowing of the excess baggage.

We had rounded the stake-boat during the work and were now well on in our return trip. According to the calculations we should reach the harbor at two o'clock. Mr. Hammond recovered sufficiently to come on deck, and after explanations had been made a very pretty reconciliation scene took place between the rival Captains. I was still at the wheel, while Mr. Fox, worn out by the excitement and the long turn at the wheel, went below for a short nap. Nothing unusual happened during the remainder of the trip and at two o'clock sharp we pulled into Toledo.

—THOMAS J. MURPHY, '08.

**Sermon Preached by Rev. James Hally, Wyandotte,
Mich., at the Dedication of the New College
Chapel.**

"Glory and riches shall be in His house, and his justice endureth forever and ever."—Ps. cxi, 3.

Whatever is given to God, or whatever is done for Him, belongs to Him and may be called His. In this general sense this whole college—with its study halls, its class rooms, its dormitories, and its play grounds—belongs to God. From the moment that the first stone was laid, down to the present, which witnesses the dedication of this beautiful chapel, there has been but one object in view in the minds and hearts of those who planned and built this institution—the doing of something for God, the giving of something to Him. Do men expect to gather grapes off thorns, or figs off thistles? Was it then in expectation of earthly wealth that these buildings were begun? No man can for a moment think so. Was it with the hope of winning fame in the intellectual centres of the world? Hardly—for the so-called intellectual centres have most probably never heard of Assumption College, and this condition of obscurity would be impossible if fame had been the object of its founders or its faculty. Was it for a life of rest and pleasure that these buildings were begun and completed? Let those who know by actual experience, of the trials and worries and labors of the teacher's life answer the question. No; from none of these motives came the inspiration. God was back of this institution, God was the object in the beginning, in the continuation and in the completion. The College belongs to God and may with special fitness be called His house.

However, it is not for this general reason that we give this name to the chapel dedicated to-day. We call it the house of God for another and a most particular reason. This morning the great and infinite God, in the

person of the Son of God made man, takes up His dwelling in this chapel. He comes, it is true, with His Glory veiled and His Majesty hidden under the appearance of bread, but, nevertheless, really and truly ; so that Mary, in the house of Nazareth, was no nearer to God than we are in this chapel ; nor is an angel or a saint in heaven, though basking in the Beatific Vision, and participating more perfectly in the divine life, any more in the presence of God than we are, when, in this chapel, we participate in the divine sacrifice or kneel in adoration before our Eucharistic God. This real presence of God, this Sacramental presence of Jesus, makes this chapel in a most exclusive and special manner, the House of God. The consequences following from this fact make most appropriate the words of the Psalmist : "Glory and riches shall be in His house and His justice endureth forever and ever." We know not whether it was given to the royal prophet to behold in vision this great truth, but if it were permitted to him to contemplate a chapel like this in which the eternal Son of God would dwell perpetually, we know of no more appropriate words he could have used to describe it than : "Glory and riches shall be in His house and His justice endureth forever and ever." Yes, Glory shall be in this house, a Glory that appeareth not to the senses and that cannot be comprehended by the human mind ; a Glory that is as far above the glory of earth as earth is above heaven, as God is above creature ; a Glory spiritual, invisible to men on earth, but acceptable to God in heaven, and the wonder and admiration of the heavenly hosts ; a Glory which fills the earth and reaches even unto heaven ; a Glory of which the prophet Isaiah must have caught a glimpse when he saw "the Lord sitting upon a throne high and elevated, covered with the wings of the seraphim who cried out to one another : Holy, Holy, Holy, the Lord God of Hosts, all the earth is full of His glory."—Is. 6. Here will be offered up that adorable action, in which the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity made man humbles Himself, nay,

annihilates Himself in sacrifice for the honor of His Father. Saint Paul, carried to the third heaven, could not find words to express and describe the good things he saw there ; how then can my feeble words or weak imagination give any adequate idea of the glory that fills the heavens and the earth when the immaculate Lamb of God is offered up in sacrifice. Yet this morning, and we may say for every morning hereafter as long as the chapel will stand, there is offered up to God this clean Oblation. The altars, that are placed in this sanctuary, will from to-day belong to that mystic circle that encompasses the world, and which causes sacrifice to be offered in every place, and makes the name of the Lord great from the rising of the Sun to the going down thereof.—Mal. i. We read with wonder of the great efforts Solomon made in the dedication of the temple which he built to God. Twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand rams were offered up in sacrifice. The ancients of the people, the princes, the heads of families, the priests and levites and the singing men, were all gathered together, "So when they all sounded together, both with trumpets, and voice, and cymbals, and organs, and with divers kind of musical instruments, and lifted up their voices on high : the sound was heard afar off, so that when they began to praise the Lord and to say, give Glory to the Lord for He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever : the house of God was filled with a cloud. Nor could the priests stand and minister by reason of the cloud. For the Glory of the Lord had filled the House of God."—2 Par. 5. Yet this house was only a figure, a type of what the chapel becomes to-day and the glory sensibly manifested upon that occasion, only a type and figure of the glory diffused here when the Holy Mass is offered up. What though hundreds of thousands of victims were offered by Solomon ? Here one victim is offered that is worth infinitely more than all the other victims that could be offered. What though fire came down from heaven to consume the sacrifices ? Here the infi-

nite God comes down. What through trumpets, and cymbals, and organs, and ten thousand voices proclaimed the praises of God? Here are the countless cherubim and seraphim singing the praises of God, and above all, the voice of the priceless body and blood of Jesus Christ giving honor to God and pleading for grace for men.

This glory is not something inert, something without power. Oh! No. It has that within it which gives beauty where there was nothing but hideousness; which makes strong that which was weak; which invigorates all that come within its influence. Just as after the dark and rainy night the newly risen sun bursts through the storm clouds, and, pouring his golden flood of light and heat upon every mountain top, and into every valley gives beauty to every flower, and makes a pearl of every drop of water, awakens the birds to song, man and beast to labor, and calls all nature forth to a day of work; so the Eternal Sun of Justice, rising each morning in sacrifice, pours the flood of His golden grace upon high and low, makes beautiful every act of faith, consecrates every act of love, makes a pearl of every tear of sorrow, awakens the whole spiritual world to a life of prayer and sacrifice and invigorates all that put themselves within its influence. Truly can we say, "Glory shall be in this chapel because it is the House of God."

Here in this chapel, too, there will be riches. Here will be stored the Treasure of Treasures, God Himself. In the tabernacle on this altar will reside night and day, under the appearance of bread, He, Who said, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth;" and His stay here is not that He may save His treasure, and hoard His gifts, but that He may distribute them to those whom He loves. That poor, weak man might not have far to go, that poor, foolish man might not have far to look, Jesus decreed to come close to him and remain with him all the time. Here, then, is treasured the source of all grace and strength. Here, succeeding generations of priests will come, living lives of obscurity, humility and poverty,

and where will the strength come from to endure all these privations? From the Blessed Sacrament. In it they will find the power to give up the world, to despise its honors and to forswear its pleasures. Here in the company of Jesus poverty and obscurity will be sweet. Generations of students will come and go. Some of them will hear a voice summoning them to a higher life. Where will this ideal be shaped, and what will give it form and character? Here in this chapel, in association with the Master after whom they are to pattern themselves, and in whose footsteps they are to follow. When they hold sweet intercourse with Him, here, in holy communion, He will speak to their hearts in His own loving way, He will enlighten them that they may see clearly where the good and the true really are, and he will inflame their hearts with that fire which He came to cast upon earth and which He so earnestly desired to see enkindled. Here indeed, in this chapel, is He Who, as the psalmist tells us, "makes His angel spirits and His ministers a burning fire." The labors, necessary to fit themselves for this life, will, indeed, become light, and the sacrifices, that are demanded, will only give them appetite for more, because Jesus has promised, "he that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him. As the living Father has sent me and I live by the Father, so he that eateth me the same shall live by me." So here in this chapel, because God is here and because He will give His own life and strength, will be laid the foundation of those virtues, which in after years, will produce faithful, zealous priests.

Others will come here who will have another task to perform; to prepare themselves for the rough and fierce battle with the world. The importance of this conflict must not be underestimated. We are living in an age of great infidelity which promises to be worse in the future than it has been in the past. Men, having cast off all religion, have become more and more saturated with the principles of the world, and have given themselves up

entirely to its vanities and follies. They have thus created an atmosphere around them which must exert a great influence for evil upon those who come in contact with it. To resist its pernicious influence, then, are required men of deep faith and sterling virtue. No ordinary training will suffice for this purpose. Strong and firm must the foundations be laid, otherwise the fabric of a virtuous Christian life cannot resist the storms of passions and the rains of temptation that will beat upon it and here in this chapel must that foundation be laid in the deep and sincere devotion to the Holy Eucharist ; in the faith that is nourished by frequent communion with Him, "who is the author and finisher of our faith," and in that love which grows by much intercourse with Him Who is love itself.

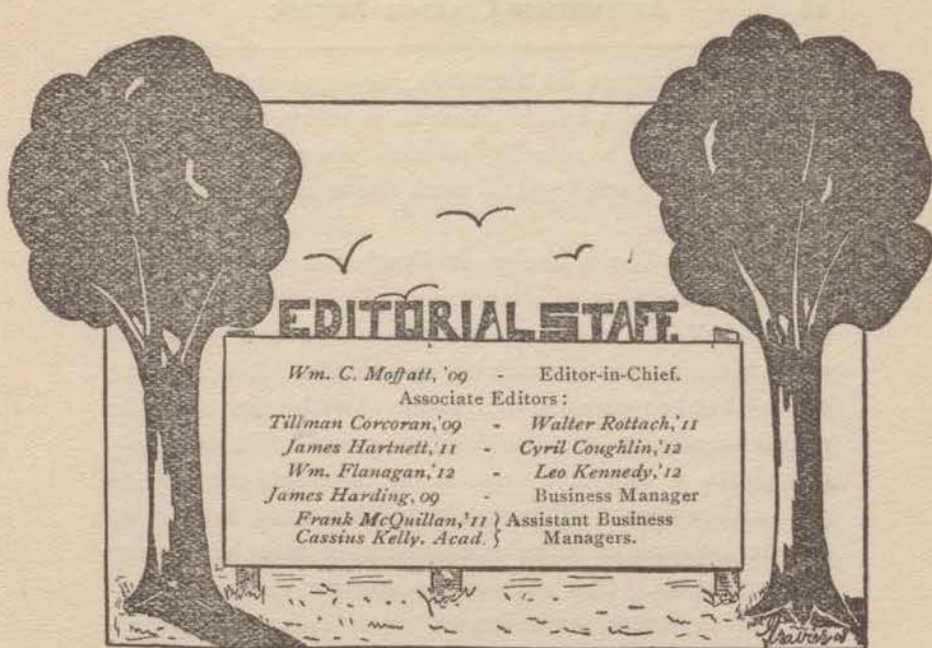
Here, too, in this chapel, priest and laymen can come back after success has wearied them, or failure discouraged them, and in the calm quiet of these sacred walls renew again their first fervor and at this fount of living water drink deep the draughts that will refresh and invigorate. Considering all these great blessings may not this chapel be well compared to the torrent spoken of by the prophet Ezekial, "on the banks whereof on both sides shall grow all trees that bear fruit, their leaf shall not fall off and their fruit shall not fail ; every month shall they bring forth fresh fruits because the waters thereof shall issue out of the sanctuary ; and the fruits thereof shall be for food, and the leaves thereof for medicine."—Ezech. 47, 12. Was not this, in very truth, the river which St. John saw "clear as crystal proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb ?"

Again, as long as this building shall be under the guidance of the Catholic Church, so long there will be taught in this chapel the truths which make up the gospel of Jesus Christ and the Justice of God. No vagaries of the human mind, no vain systems of earthly philosophy, no cold and mechanical altruism which weary, while, in the end they degrade human nature, shall ever find place

here. No, in this chapel, to-day dedicated to the service of God, will be explained that heavenly system of truth which in the past has regenerated the world ; which has to-day the same uplifting power, and in the belief and practice of which the hope of the future lies. So while in the world of thought without, men may flounder around in the darkness of error, and be agitated by the tortures of doubt, here, in this chapel, forever, shall shine the light of truth, and here for all ages to come shall reign the peace of God's Justice. "Glory and riches shall be in His house and His justice endureth forever and ever."

What an honor it is then for us, my brethren and friends, to be allowed to participate in this service to-day! How our hearts and voices should unite in one grand chorus of joy that such a work has been accomplished, of thanks to the good God who has made it possible! Amen.





Editorial.

The New Scholastic Year.

After a silence of more than two months the corridors have again awakened to new life and resound with the tramp and hurry of many feet. Many new faces are seen and the older students are a little astonished at the great number of new boys. The regular routine of work and play, play and work, has commenced again.

The nervous step and furtive enquiring glance of the new boy is in striking contrast with the confident gait and knowing air of the old students. For the latter the return to College has no new sensations. He finds his way about without questions, hastens to be over with the formalities of announcing his arrival to the college authorities and makes directly for his old haunts, where he knows he will find any of his former companions who have returned. He seeks no new acquaintances, and the younger boy, whom he remembers from the previous June, he receives with a brief, "How d' you do." Older ac-

quaintances engage his attention ; and yet as he marches along smartly with hands thrust deep in his trouser pockets, we think he is secretly pleased when the small boys shout " Hello Jack," and to mark the admiration evident on their faces.

The new boy is one great question mark. He wants to know something of everything. If he is venturesome he wanders into every nook and corner and soon has made himself familiar with his new abode. Like a young collie that has escaped his kennel for the first time, he rushes headlong into forbidden grounds, is suddenly brought to a halt and scurries off to a safe distance to get another view. When asked his business, he has no answer, because he does not remember that he has any business at all. His curiosity needs no guiding principle. After several experiences, more or less disconcerting, it gradually dawns upon him that teachers and prefects expect him to know what he is about—to him an entirely novel and unreasonable imposition—but, in the meantime, he has learned much about his surroundings and his curiosity is to some extent allayed. Not so the bashful boy. He takes his stand wherever he has parted with his former guardians, or where he has been directed by his new custodians, and there waits for something to happen. His thoughts revert to home and soon the tears trickle down his cheeks. The sympathetic prefect takes notice and finds him a playmate among those who could recall just such an experience the year before.

Once among playmates of his own age, he finds that his new abode is not another world altogether, that the experiences and sensations which once delighted him can be again renewed and the heart tremors pass away, slowly perhaps, but very effectually.

To every student, college life is, in many respects, a new world, and the first year a time of reorganization.

There must be a readaptation of sense and intellect to strange ways, strange faces, new minds, other temperaments than the home contains. He must acquire new

perspectives and form new ambitions. The order of this universe is far more exacting than the old has been, it requires more self-reliance, greater activity and energy, greater self-restraint. Very important is this first year at college, whose consequences give direction to all the life afterwards. Having faced the new life boldly and entered into it strenuously, the youth determined beforehand to do his best, readily accommodates himself to all the requirements of study, play, and rule. The difficulties are not so formidable as he had anticipated. There is no better test of the boy's character than this. Just as the manly boy begins to manifest a liking for the stress and strain of college life, the weakly scion of indulgent parents hangs out the flag of distress and gives up the fight. College is neither a nursery nor a prison work house. Between the two the ideal of college life is found in which the labor and discipline are as exacting as may be consistent with the age and talents of the students, allowance being made for individual temperaments. Great care to secure the precise balance between capacity and labor is demanded by the laws of mental and moral growth. Where this is secured approximately, the college is a new home to the young student.

The Rosary.

October is the month of the Holy Rosary.

The Church recommends all Christians to increase their devotion to Mary by a more assiduous use during the month of this form of prayer than we are wont to practice during the previous months of the year. The very fact that she has adjudged this practice to be beneficial to our spiritual life is sufficient guarantee of its utility in that respect. Of course we have a divine approbation of the Rosary in the supernatural circumstances of its origin; coming as it has immediately from the hands of Mary to one of her most devoted servants. It has pleased the mother of God to make known in this way how grateful to her is this particular form of devotion

by which every day, even many times a day, we may place on her brow a fresh chaplet of devout service from loving children.

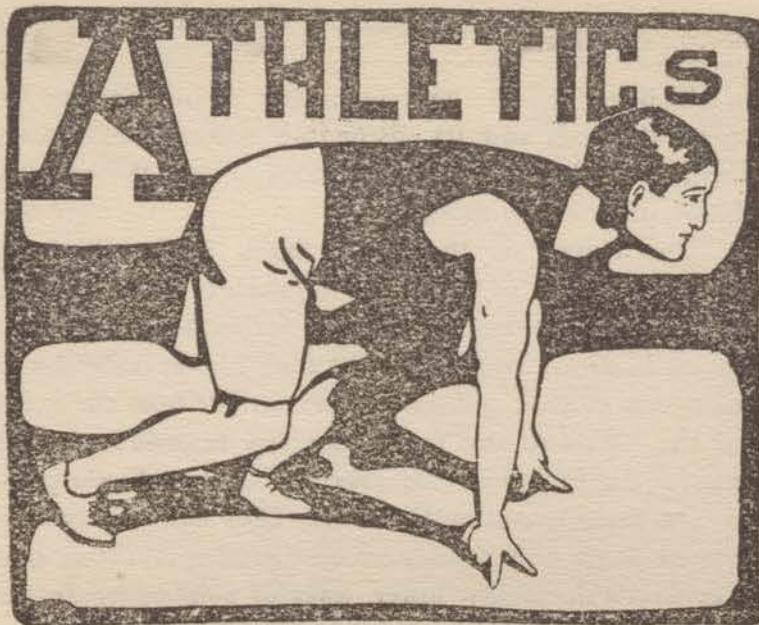
For does not every decade exhale the sweet odor of undying love and fidelity? So beautiful, so sweet and charming in its simplicity, does it not bespeak purity of heart and filial confidence! Its spread indicates some need of our nature satisfied. This devotion, so favored by the Church, so enriched by indulgences and so noble in the prayers of which it is composed, has besides these advantages a peculiar fitness to our nature, whereby it has rapidly spread among Catholics of every nation, and has not only continued to wield a powerful influence for good through many centuries, but will continue to do so to the end of time. The great majority of men are unable to keep their minds closely rivetted upon God and the things of Eternity. That such should be the case, we are not willing to maintain, but that it is a truth of experience no one will deny. To hold the mind for a considerable time and from habit upon a single object is always a difficult habit to acquire, especially if the object of our thoughts be abstract or super-sensible. It might seem that an exception to the rule would be found in the contemplation of God, so rich in all being and every perfection, but here again experience corrects us, warning us not to expect the ideal or the absolutely best in frail and mortal man. He has often wandered from the worship of the invisible God to prostrate himself before the altar of the Golden Calf, and will do so again. The nobler elements of our nature are very prone to follow the lead of the lower and baser propensities. There was need of some device which would help to keep down the persistent and insidious calls of sensuous appetency, in order that the concrete object might lose its fatal power to check the first impulse of the spirit to soar aloft on the pinions of divine contemplation. Just such a holy device we possess in the Rosary. In that form of prayer the simple device of stringing together a chaplet of beads

on which we repeat the commonest of our prayers, we engage the body and its distracting senses to co-operate with the mind in the holiest of occupations, the contemplation of heavenly things.

The Rosary is the prayer book of the illiterate, wherein he reads of the great mysteries of his religion and passing in review these great truths he learns deep lessons in divine knowledge that lead him at once nearer and nearer to God and farther and farther from the world and sin. Without the beads the less tutored among us would suffer an irreparable loss spiritually. Fewer prayers, and these less attentively said, God more rarely worshipped, fewer holy aspirations and good resolutions, and in general a decidedly lower level of spirituality in the ordinary man—such are the consequences which the loss of the Rosary would involve, of which we are only too well aware from the conduct of such as neglect this pious devotion.

The most gifted and deeply lettered of men also may derive equal benefit from this devotion, for learning does not of itself bring the mind into closer communion with God and things divine. Often the very multiplicity of its store will distract us as effectually from meditating on God, as the senses themselves, and here also we need a device to hold the mind in the precise groove that leads to true devotion.

So simple is the Rosary and yet so vastly important to the Catholic, so unassuming, and nevertheless, so effective in the highest concern here below ; we could not do without it and it behooves us, in consequence, to esteem and practice every day the devotion of the Rosary.



Base-Ball.

YANNIGANS VS. HOUSE.

The hot weather has kept base-ball alive longer than usual, and it was decided that a series of games for the house championship would make an interesting finale to the season, with the result that the Yannigans still remain invincible, and are a little proud of the fact that they bested the House on Sept. 13, by a score of 8 to 2, and again on Sept. 20, by a score of 8 to 3. The first game was a lively affair with Kennedy and McQuillan, the batteries for the Yannigans, and Klick and Longe for the House. Kennedy allowed only two hits, a safe bunt and a single to right, which Bell let through him for a home-run. Klick, on the contrary, seemed easy for the slugging Yannigans, and was pounded for six singles, a two-bagger, two triples and a homer. McQuillan, Moriarty and Kennedy did the heavy slugging.

In the second game on Sept. 20, Longe essayed to pitch but retired in the fifth in favor of Klick, who was resolved to revenge himself for his defeat of a week before. But the Yannigans, who were then in the lead 2 to

r, soon took a liking to his offerings and pounded out six runs in two innings. Kennedy let up a little on the House team then and they scored two runs. The fielding of Costello for the Yannigans, and of Harding and Ryan for the House were exceptionally good.

Soccer Football.

With all but two of last year's team, whom fate alone prevented from gaining possession of the Walker Cup, the prospects for a good year are indeed bright. Busch, W. Moran, Bell, Mahoney, Quigley, J. Moran, Castello, Condrick, Mooney, Murray, Murphy and Robinet are again with us. As all these men are well known lovers of this sport, it is almost useless to say anything of them, but the sterling quality of the work shown by them in practice is worthy of very high praise. Busch is as quick as ever in getting in the way of shots, and he has not been scored on as yet, although great praise is due to our full backs, the two Joes, Moran and Bell, who are likewise Captain and Secretary respectively. The halves, Quigley, Mahoney and "Tiny Tim" Moran are playing their same steady game which won them renown last year. A fast line can be chosen from among the following experienced players: "Gig" Robinet, Condrick, T. Murphy, Fred. Costello, W. Murray and Fred. Mooney. The loss of "Don" McKenzie and J. Rooney would be felt were it not for the many stars on this year's team. Nor has enthusiasm been lacking for the boys are practising hard for the first game, which will take place Sept. 26 with the Caledonians on our grounds. The schedule, as at first made out, has been changed owing to the disbandment of the All-Scots, of Detroit. The new schedule is as follows:

Sept. 19—Walkerville at Sons of England.

Sept. 26—Caledonians at Assumption College.

Oct. 3—Walkerville at Assumption College.

Oct. 10—Caledonians at Walkerville.

—Sons of England at Assumption College.

- Oct. 17—Sons of England at Caledonians.
 Oct. 24—Sons of England at Walkerville.
 Oct. 31—Assumption College at Caledonians.
 Nov. 7—Assumption College at Walkerville.
 Nov. 14—Walkerville at Caledonians.
 Assumption College at Sons of England.
 Nov. 21—Caledonians at Sons of England.

On Sept. 26 the College Association Football team played their first game in the Peninsular League against the Caledonians, of Windsor, on the College field. It was a hard fought contest from the very beginning. The visitors took the aggressive during the first half, and it was owing to the spectacular work of Busch, our elongated goal keeper, that they failed to score. During the first half Bell played center forward, but his inexperience on the forward line prevented good combination work. At the second half he went back to his old position as full back and played a magnificent game. During the second half the College forwards seemed to have gained confidence, repeatedly rushing the ball down on the visitors goal. Early in the second half, after a clever bit of combination work by Mooney and Costello the first goal was scored, Costello doing the kicking. For several minutes after the first goal the playing was in Caledonian territory and the College scored for the second time. During the remainder of the game our forwards did not exert themselves, being confident that they had the game cinched, trusting to the backs who had been playing fine foot-ball during the whole game. The work of T. Moran, T. Murphy and J. Moran contributed greatly to the success of the College. For the visitors Stokes, Harwood and Elliott made the best showing.

The line-ups were :—

ASSUMPTIONS.		CALEDONIANS.	
T. Busch,	Goal	Officer	
J. Bell, }	Full Backs.	{ Charleton,	
J. Moran, }		{ McKay,	

W. Moran,	}	Half Backs	C. Leboeuf
P. Mahony,			H. Leboeuf
J. Quigley,		Center	B. Mooney
W. Roach			Harwood
M. Blackwell	}	Forwards	Acies
T. Murphy			Stokes
F. Mooney			Longley
F. Costello			Elliott

SOCCER—BELVIDERES.

The Belvideres are again in the field with a strong team, despite the fact that they have lost many of their stars. A. McIntyre has been elected Captain, and G. Brennan, Secretary. Fr. Moylan expects to pick a good team from the following: L. Roberge, M. Whalen, C. Coughlin, H. Nedeau, G. Brennan, J. Maloney, A. Ashe, A. McIntyre, J. Toohey, W. Lankin, C. Merkle, Ed. Mackey, J. Robinson and L. LeBoeuf. We have not seen much of their playing yet, but we wish them success, and we assure them our encouragement.

Rugby.

Football practice has begun in real earnest on the College gridiron, and the hot weather which attended the opening practises has had no terrors for the enthusiastic warriors of this year. Elections were held early last month and Capt. Jack Longe and Sec. Frank McQuillan are very enthusiastic over this year's outlook, as the squad is numerically stronger than that of last year, and some good material has been found to fill the vacancies left by the absentees of last year's team. Some of the other vets who have returned also state that this is to be a banner year for Rugby at Assumption. Capt. Longe and Frank McQuillan will most probably hold down their old positions back of the line, while Ed. McQuillan, Harry Blackwell, "Shorty" Busch, the all-around athlete, and "Uncle Joe" Gannon will be our veteran linemen. Among the new men, "Tex" O'Rourke, Cliff Drouillard, of basket-ball fame, Clayton Thiede, likewise a star from

Wyandotte, and "Sugar" Kennedy, our south-paw pitcher, have shown up exceptionally well. Ed. Mackey is also making a strong bid for a line job. Among the other fresh ones who are working well to catch the watchful eye of the coach, are "Peg" Darling, Fred. Gazolla, Joe Filian, Fanz Brehler, Park Dean, Joe Murphy, Leo McDonnell, J. Toolan and Jim Hartnett. As the team of last year was the first Rugby squad in the house they hesitated to take on any of the strong High School teams of Detroit and vicinity, but this year they believe they are strong enough to tackle the High School teams, and the management are trying to arrange games with school teams across the river.

MINIMS VS. SANDWICH JRS.

Though the first teams is being closely watched in practice, still this does not hinder the Minims from drawing large crowds to their game. Capt. Martin has a fast little bunch, and their coach is working them hard in order to have them in shape for the harder games later on. Every "rec." they can be seen practising, and some of their trick plays puzzle our veterans. Their line is strong and very few gains will be made through it this year. In the game of Saturday, September 19, versus Sandwich Juniors, our Minims completely walked away with every play. Full-back Martin was worked repeatedly, and perhaps too often, but he never failed to respond with a gain. The criss-cross worked by Turner and Boos, was pulled off in a perfect manner. The tackles of Martin, O'Flaherty, Powers, and our game little quarter-back Sullivan were often marvellous, and several times a goal was prevented only by one of these four. The score however does not indicate how completely Sandwich was out-classed. Murphy and Girardot played a good game for Sandwich, and it was greatly due to them that the Minims were held 15 to 0.



We ask the assistance of the Alumni in making this department as interesting as possible. Without your assistance it is impossible for us to secure all the items that we shall need. Do not forget us. A line or two will suffice.

NOTICE TO THE ALUMNI.

The annual meeting of the College Alumni Association will take place on Tuesday, October 27, 1908. The officers of the Association cordially invite all Alumni and friends of the College to be present.

We ask the assistance of the contributors to the Chapel Fund in the work of securing an accurate account of the contributions. Kindly forward to the REVIEW notice of any omission or error in the list and the same will be corrected at once. We have already received notice of several mistakes which appeared in the first list published. These have occurred through no fault of either editor or printer. The following is a corrected list of all contributions to date.

LIST OF DONATIONS.

Rev. J. Aylward	\$100 00
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“ T. West.....	20 00
“ J. Wheeler.....	10 00
“ F. White	25 00
“ E. Wolfstyn.....	10 00
Total.....	\$11142 55

Wm. Longe, a student for the past couple of years in the Commercial course, has accepted a good position as book-keeper in his home town, Ionia, Mich. The “Yard” football team will greatly miss his services on the half-back line.

Evander Deen, a member of last year's Graduating class, was taken ill with typhoid fever shortly after returning to his home in Bay City, but we are pleased to note that he has fully recovered. “Van” was a member

of last year's advertising staff and was a hustler from the ground up. All the members of the business staff testify that our graduate has no equal in securing ads. for a college paper. If he shows the same energy and tact in business that he displayed in this line of work, he will be a great success.

Wm. Robinson, of South Haven, Mich., a graduate of last year in Classics, has joined the Jesuit Fathers, and will make his novitiate in St. Louis.

Ubaldo Langlois, a former student of Assumption, is now a member of the Oblate order. He made his novitiate at Lachine last year, and has gone to Rome to continue his studies for the holy priesthood. His course in Rome will take about seven years. We wish him all success in his studies.

Derrick Brown, Commercial, '04, now holds a lucrative position in the offices of the Detroit Police Department.

Rev. J. Stanley, '98, has been seriously ill at St. Joseph's Hospital, London, Ont., for some time but is now on his way to recovery, and will soon be able to return to his parochial duties.

Rev. T. J. Ford, '04, who was ordained by Bishop McEvay last Christmas, has been transferred from the Cathedral, London, to Ingersol.

Jerome Creque, of last year's Commercial class, is taking an advanced course in Ypsilanti Normal School.

Francis Poupard, Academic, '07, will graduate from the Cleary Business Institute, Ypsilanti, in November.

George Lareau, Luke Beuglet and Edmund Burns, all graduates of '07, who joined the Basilian Order, have completed their course in St. Basil's Novitiate, Toronto. Mr. Lareau is teaching in the Basilian College, at Houston, Texas, while Messrs. Beuglet and Burns are stationed at Toronto, the former attending the Normal School, and the latter the University.

Adolph Boucher, of last year's Rhetoric class, has also joined the Basilians, and is at present taking a course in Toronto University.

Wilfred Sharpe, another member of the same class, is at present teaching in the St. Basil's College at Waco, Texas.

J. Weadock, '04, is a physician in Lima, Ohio, where he has succeeded in establishing for himself a very large practice.

W. P. Dun Lany, '84, now living at 4412 Prospect Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, is interested in a scientific invention, which promises to be of great commercial value.

W. Gallena, S. T. D., '04, was ordained during the summer and celebrated his first Holy Mass on August 16th, in St. Francis de Sales Church, Toledo, Ohio. His many friends at the college and in Michigan, would be pleased to see him and to congratulate him on the fine record he made during his studies at Rome, where he secured a doctorate in Theology.

John P. Dempsey, a former student, enjoys a large law practice in Cleveland, Ohio.

E. A. Pillon, Rhetoric, '05, is pursuing his studies in the Detroit College of Medicine.

Rev. John A. Griffin, '03, is acting as assistant to Rev. F. J. Van Antwerp, '77, at Holy Rosary Church in Detroit.

Rev. John F. Dowdle, '03, is chaplain at the Sacred Heart Academy, Grosse Point, Mich.

Reginald Pleasance, Commercial, '03, has the profound sympathy of his many friends at Assumption in the recent tragic death of his two brothers, who were killed in a collision on the traction line near their home, Chatham, Ontario.

John O'Brien, who was a student at the College during the years of 1902-04, and who graduated in philosophy from Detroit College, last year, has since died at his home in Hubbarston. The pall-bearers of the funeral were James Welch, Thomas Connell, Benjamin Hogan, Clarence Maloney and Vernon Hankerd, four of whom are former students of Assumption. He is a brother of the Rev. Jas. E. O'Brien, Bunker Hill, Mich. Mr. O'Brien, during his short course at the college, was highly esteemed both by his fellow students and the members of the College faculty with whom he came in contact. His kindly disposition endeared him to all, and a large circle of friends regret his early death.

Thomas Hunter, of Marlette, Mich., who attended the college during 1905-07, is another of our former students, whose untimely death we are very sorry to have to record in this issue. He secured a position in Detroit after leaving college, but later joined the U. S. Navy. During the summer, while in pursuit of his duty, he fell from his ship and was drowned before assistance could be given him. Tom was one of the most popular boys in the school, and always had a good story to tell. His tragic end came as a great shock to his many friends in college, and we wish to extend our sincere sympathy to his bereaved friends and parents.

Dedication of the Chapel.

Since the June issue of the Review appeared, the most important event of the year occurred, when the new College Chapel was solemnly dedicated by Rt. Rev. Monseigneur Meunier, of Windsor, in the presence of a large gathering of clergy and laity. The spacious chapel was taxed to its entire seating capacity by the large gathering of the friends of the college. Promptly at 10.20 the dedication ceremonies were commenced, and these impressive ceremonies were watched throughout with eager interest. Solemn High Mass was then celebrated. Rev. P. Corcoran, Seaforth, Ont., President of the College Alumni Association, officiating as Celebrant, Rev. J. Smith, Cleveland, O., as Deacon, Rev. J. Thornton, Howell, Mich., as Sub-deacon, and Rev. P. L'Heureux, as Master of Ceremonies. The singing of the Student Choir, which had been specially trained for the occasion, was excellent, rendering in an appropriate manner the beautiful plain chant mass. After the first gospel Rev. J. Hally, Wyandotte, Mich., preached a powerful sermon on "The Purpose and Power of the Church and Altar," which is found in this number of the Review.

After the Mass the College Staff tendered a banquet in the College refectory to the visiting Alumni.

When the guests had partaken of the good things Rt. Rev. Monseigneur Meunier complimented the Basilians on their efforts to build up the College. Rev. F. J. VanAntwerp, who was toastmaster, called upon Rev. R. McBrady, the former President of the College. Fr. McBrady declared that he had not, though absent, forgotten Sandwich, and spoke in glowing terms of the prospects. Mr. F. McIntyre, the next speaker, regaled the company with many sparkling witticisms and good stories. His speech was punctuated with frequent bursts of laughter, and was much enjoyed by the guests. With the banquet the proceedings of the day were closed, and the guests and the College boys were soon wending their way homeward.

Chronicle.

The work of the year is now well under way. The classes are all running smoothly and the new boys are getting in line. The College societies are not yet reorganized, but in all probability they will commence work early in October.

The weather man had no mercy on the football players during September. He will likely give them a chance to work and keep warm during the latter part of this month.

During the first week of school most of last year's graduates in Arts called to say good-bye before their departure to the Seminary. Messrs. F. Minich, Athletic Editor of last year, J. Hackett, Alumni Editor, P. Jordan, Chronicler, and J. Coyle have gone to Baltimore to continue their studies. Mr. T. Kelly, Editor-in-chief, had expected to accompany his class-mates but was notified at the last moment, that he was listed for St. Thomas Seminary, St. Paul, Minn. It must have been an unpleasant surprise, but we are assured that our enterprising Ted will make his presence felt wherever ability and initiative find recognition.

"Nig." Clarke, Commercial, '94, was one of our first visitors. Very naturally the genial "Nig." informed us who would carry off the pennant honors of 1908.

Leo Foley, who was one of the prominent athletes during his college career, called at Assumption in September. He is at present conducting a large grocery business in Lake Charles, Louisiana.

Rev. Fr. Mulcahy, Benton Harbor, Mich., visited the college during the past month.

Rev. Fr. Connors, Hastings, Mich., called on us early in September.

Rev. Wm. Hillenmeyer, St. Mary's Cathedral, Covington, Ky., visited the college during the summer, and

also renewed acquaintances with several of his college friends in Michigan. He was a famous hand-ball player, and has not yet lost that powerful swing which won many a game.

On Sept. 24, Rev. F. Sullivan, '95, accompanied by Fr. T. Luby, Mount Morris, Mich., visited his Alma Mater for the first time since leaving college. He made his theological studies in Cincinnati, and during the first two years after ordination was stationed in Nashville, Tenn. Since then he has been stationed in St. Patrick's Parish, Memphis, Tenn., of which he is the present rector. Rt. Rev. D. Murphy, '95, Vicar-General of Nashville diocese, was a class-mate of Fr. Sullivan, and for several years pastor of St. Patrick's. While deprecating the fact that the Church has made little progress in the remoter districts among the mountains he was most enthusiastic about the success of the Catholic Church throughout the south, and especially in his own State. Even in the mountains, through the efforts of such men as Fr. Callaghan, the well-known missionary, much is being done to spread the faith among the mountaineers.

The members of the staff this year are, Fr. Pageau, formerly of Houston, Texas, Messrs. Rogers and Pierre, last year in Toronto, Messrs. Mahoney and Walsh, of last year's Rhetoric class have also been promoted to the second floor. Fr. Pageau has charge of Graduating Commercial, which is an exceptionally large class. Mr. Rogers is our new History master, and Messrs. Walsh and Mahoney have charge of first and second Commercial respectively, while Mr. Pierre is Assistant Prefect of Recreation. The remainder of the staff is the same as last year.

The repairs on the College building are still progressing rapidly and should soon be completed. The small study hall is now ready for occupation by the smaller students. In nearly every class room extra desks have been put in for the accommodation of the new students. The boys are also waiting patiently for the new shower baths which are being put in.

Exchanges.

A number of belated exchanges reached us during the summer holidays, among which *The Student* from Central High, of Detroit, deserves special commendation for the attractiveness and general make-up up of the magazine. Not only are all of its departments exceptionally well-conducted, but each has a design well suited to the department. The staff artist is to be highly complimented for the artistic drawings. The club departments is a principal feature, and gives a good account of all its happenings. "The Flower of the Chippemays" possesses a remarkably good plot, well worked out, and the story in general acquaints us with the manner and customs of the Indians.

Another paper worthy of a place on our table is *The Trinity College Record*. "What is worth doing is worth doing well," seems to be the motto of this publication. "The Making of College Spirit," is an article of importance, and should not be passed by unnoticed. College spirit is influenced in a great degree by student-body government, because it establishes responsibility and tends to broaden our views. Respect for superior authority is also a powerful faction. We must first show that we merit trust and confidence before we would have responsibilities and privileges. College activities are perhaps most influential of all, for each student must take it upon himself to further the improvement of the College. Although this entails a certain amount of self-sacrifice and unrewarded labor, still it is not necessary to the general advancement. Among the number of college activities, college publications and athletics play an important part in the making of college spirit. The former foster a true spirit of loyalty among her students, while the latter bring the whole student-body together under a common interest that of college glory.

The College Spokesman is also a quarterly of some merit. "Nature's Greatest Interpreter," displays the

wonderful greatness of Shakespeare. It compares his poetry to a beautiful river, gliding up and down the pathway of virtue and vice. Shakespeare portrays the various phases of human nature to such a degree of perfection that we wonder that so many secrets had been revealed to one man. The editorials are on very interesting and up-to-date topics. In one is given the life and career of the late Grover Cleveland. He was a man of such sterling qualities that every young man would do well to take him as their model.

To Our Readers.

By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that the firm name of the well-known Catholic Church Goods House of W. E. Blake, 123 Church St., Toronto, Canada, has been changed by the admission of Mr. W. J. Blake to membership in the firm. The firm name is now W. E. Blake & Son.

Mr. W. J. Blake, who is well known to the Clergy of the Dominion, has already had a very wide experience in the business, his knowledge having been gained by a thorough training.

All the readers of this Journal, we are sure, will agree in wishing the new firm years of prosperity.



Nova et Vetera.

Teacher: Write a sentence containing the word gruesome?

Pupil: I would like to wear my last winter's coat but I grew some.

Powers: What is a godfather?

Murion: A person who stands up for you.

P.: Would you stand up for me if some one wanted to lick me?

M.: Sure I would.

P.: Then you would be my godfather.

In the sweet long ago we spoke of the sweet bye and bye, now in the sweet bye and bye we speak of the sweet long ago.

Latin Teacher: What is the Locative ending of the second declension?

Busch: The ending is i.

L. T.: What then is the Locative case of home?

Bush: Homi.

Abdul Hamid, the Sultan of Turkey, is in danger of being dethroned. In that case he would probably go into the butcher business.

Mullen: Do they weep for you at home when you have gone away to college?

Kelly: I don't know, I was never there to see.

The philosophers will henceforth sit up and take notice when the bell rings at 5.30 a. m. Penalty, The Little Walk.

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